

CHEERFUL CHIRPS

(By "DEL.")

Mostly nonsense, except in those rare intervals when a real idea comes along and is grabbed off.

Jimmie Swinnerton, the famous artist-cartoonist, who with Mrs. Swinnerton and Artists R. Dirks and Geo. Herriman, arrived here last week on one of his frequent pilgrimages into this country, has let his versatility break out in another direction. Those who have heard him tell stories in his rapid, inimitable way, have wondered why he did not write fiction. Asked about it when he was here two years ago, he said that he had tried, but though words come easily when he talks, he can't get his thoughts and fingers to co-ordinate in writing.

But here he's gone and broken out into poetry and has a two-year contract with one of the biggest magazines, which has been printing his poetry for several months.

Jimmie doesn't know that we know and he'll wonder how in thunder we found out about his first attempt at poetry. In that, he rhymed auto with water. Mrs. Swinnerton unmercifully ragged him about it. A few weeks later she was entertaining several literary friends, when in stalked Jimmie, wearing the clothes he wears out here on the desert, with a wonderful necktie and a big Hopi Indian garter, his hair pulled low over his forehead and looking like a poet in the worst stages.

"Get out of here, 'Auto-Water,'" Mrs. Swinnerton commanded. "You don't belong in company like this."

Then with a flourish, Jimmie pulled out a big batch of poetry he had recently written and with it some that had been accepted and printed by the magazines, as well as a long-term contract for more poetry! Then, with lofty scorn, he patronized the rest of the bunch all the afternoon.

Frank Bennett held us up on the street the other morning and announced that The Sun's story of the week before about Mrs. George W. Harben's hen, which laid two eggs on each of two successive days, interested him greatly, especially as he had a hen that did even better than that—laid two eggs in less than a minute. Frank said he had three witnesses besides himself—Louis Kelly, Billy Mulen and another man—"but," he said, "I don't want you to print the name of the other man, because he's such a damn liar no one would believe the story." One of the eggs had a hard shell, Frank said, and the other a soft one, and the hen dropped both in less than a minute, while the four men were watching.

Next!

Hugh McGookin must have been doing some tall boasting about his little old tin Lizzie. Anyway Slats writes: They are keeping McGookin quite busy Pulling folks up the hill with his Lizzie; He can go like the devil When the road's on the level, Or climb hills that would make you quite dizzy.

Loren Cress attended a negro baptizing when he was in Kansas. It was in Atchison. Loren said that while it was going on the congregation sang with great expression, volume and earnestness, this touching little song, "I told you once, I told you twice; you can't go to heaven with another man's wife."

Al Beasley says what you don't know hurts you worse when you try to tell it.

"An educated man is one who applies what he knows to things in general," says John Q. Thomas. Which reminds us of little George Waldhaus. George burst into his father's garage, crying, "Oh, daddy, daddy,

come quick, my bunny is dead." "Why, he can't be dead," said Joe. "I saw him just a few minutes ago through the window." "He is too dead," insisted George, "a dog punctured him and now his inner tubes is all out!"

Rev. Frank Bloy of Mesa told the Rotarians last week about how a dark-key preacher explained how come he took up a collection right after he preached a pow-ful sermon on salvation, which, he explained was free. When the collection was announced one of the congregation wanted to know why the collection if salvation was free.

"You know," explained the preacher, "watah is free. But when you get it run into youah house you hab to pay for de piping. It am de same way with dis yere salvation. It am free, but I been a pipin' it to you."

Joe Jackson is frequently reminded of his Texas nativity, as when, the other day, he said of a pair of shoes that a boy was telling Dayt Draine were too big for him, that they were as big as he, Joe, wore when he was 21. "Yeah," said Dayt, "I expect you were that old before they caught and shod you."

Now we are going to lean back in our upholstered office chair, place our feet on the mahogany, light a perfect-to and read some of the latest classics in the Police Gazoot while one of our kind friends writes the rest of this week's Chirps. From here on they're all the contributions of our friend:

While Walter Stevenson was at work on the fountain on the Normal campus, a curious school-ma'am asked in passing what he was making there.

"It will be a fountain when finished, Madam," answered Steven in his politest manner.

"You think you're smart, don't you?" snapped the s. m., as she flounced off. And now Steve is wondering just what she thinks as she surveys his completed handiwork.

Dr. Miller thinks the young lady must have been confused in the rules of the game for when he said, "It's your move," she responded, "Pray do."

That history is taught in our public schools is evident. The other day a citizen of the south side had occasion to interview our townsman who bears the same name as the father of our country. Not knowing where to locate Mr. Washington, he stepped into a Mexican pool-hall and put the question to a bright-looking Mexican lad: "Can you tell me where George Washington lives?"

"You no can fool me," quickly responded the boy. "He no live—he die many year ago."

Says Mr. Paul Coffin, "It happens so often That fellows do rant and rave At the price of a car When 'twere better by far If they'd only Durant and save."

Doug Roome received a card from John Kerley the other day which bore the information that he was now at Redondo Beach watching the waves flapping and the flappers waving.

Doc Neville says tourists are usually of three kinds—namely, those who possess good humor, those who are possessed by bad humor. One of those who possess no humor. One day last week he encountered a woman who combined the last two qualities.

"Have you any puppy biscuits?" asked the tourist lady as she gazed dotingly at the yapping bunch of fuzz in her arms.

"No, Madam—but we have some lovely animal crackers," answered Doc—always ready to please.

"You impudent fellow. I shall report you to the management!" and away she flounced, muttering things about disrespectful clerks—never having been so insulted in her life, etc. Doc is still waiting to be called up on the carpet.

"The trouble nowadays," says Frank Gold, "is not enough income and too much bill."

"Or not enough 'pot' and too much temper," responds C. B.

YOU SEE AMERICA; WHY NOT SING IT?

As further evidence of the strength and broad purposes of the National Park-to-Park Highway association there are now in the office of the manager plans being made which, if carried out, will educate not only the matured mind, but the school children of the nation to the many advantages of the western portion of the U. S. A.

The association believes that too much has already been said of the commercial and industrial attractions without featuring that which actually educates prospective settlers to a choice of country they desire to make their home.

There has been and is yet, so much untruth in booster publications distributed free and sold to the public, that no one can believe.

Opportunities are colored, scenic attractions are commercialized and thereby cheapened, recreative places are thought of only in the sense of the dollar; geology has been belittled with fictitious and misleading localized names and descriptions, botany is unknown by natives and plants as well as trees have received local names. In other words, the entire scenic and productive west has been exploited for commercial reasons, giving little consideration to the fact that everywhere there are lessons to be taught in nature's handiwork that go further toward making Americans than the mere thought of riches.

The west is richer in nature's attractions than any other country, but its real purpose, in the eyes of the good, is being misused. This is not true of the activities of the National Park service, which most admirably, in the interest of the public, conducts the national parks and national monuments in its charge, nor is it true of the Forest Service, which most ably protects the forests and recreative places within its borders, but it is true in many other wonderful places along the National Park-to-Park highway which connects with one wonderful highway all of the national parks in the Rocky Mountains and on the Pacific coast.

The plans being formed in the general office of the association by Gus Holmes, the managing secretary, are, briefly speaking, a set of publications covering separately the following subjects:

Scenic attractions, recreative places of interest such as forests, lakes and streams free to the public.

Historical places of interest. Many of these attractions are found directly on or as side trips from each community center.

A complete publication on formation and geology over the entire 6500 miles.

An absolutely reliable publication on trees and plants found growing along the highway or on side trips.

In other words the National Park-to-Park Highway is to be geologized, botanized, mapped, charted and signed to assist the private automobile travel to linger a little longer in each community that has attractions to offer.

It is generally recognized that there is no highway in the world that offers so many different climatic conditions. While passing over nine ranges of mountains and through many fertile farming and fruit growing sections, everything that is grown in the west can be found on this highway, to say nothing of the many other industries such as mining, lumbering, shipbuilding and many other kinds of manufacturing. In fact it is not generally known that the west stands as the barrier and the protector of the nation against the encroaching of undesirable hordes.

It is the desire of the National Park-to-Park Highway Association that only truthful information and advice shall be given to its many patrons and it is the purpose of its thousands of members to see that it will be done. The business of the association is conducted through the executive committee and a board of directors with general offices in Denver, Colorado.

Wins National 440 Title And Breaks Another



Johnny Weissmuller, the human hydroplane, thrashed his way to another national swimming title in an off-shore race at the Brighton Beach Bath, N. Y., recently. The distance was 440 yards and the Illinois Athletic Club flash covered it in 5 minutes 16 and 1-10 seconds, the fastest time in which it has been done outdoors in this country. In order not to let the day pass without breaking at least one world's mark Weissmuller hung up the phenomenal time of 1 minute 17 seconds for the 100 meters back stroke.



Rain Coats—

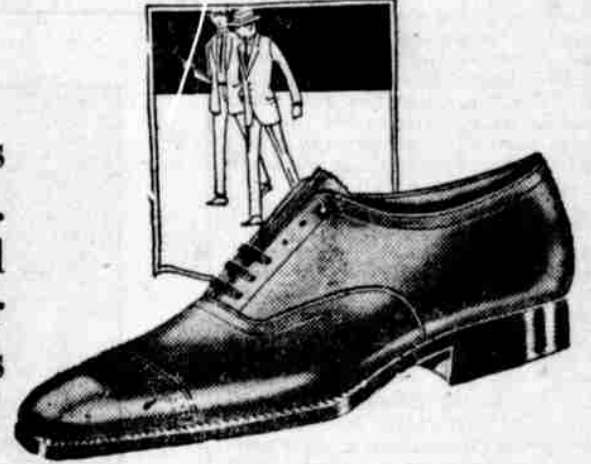
—We have them in a complete assortment of styles and sizes. Price range \$3.50 to \$35.00 each.

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Reg. \$2.00; Sale price \$1.55	Reg. \$1.00; Sale price \$.80

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SWINNERTON, ARTIST, FINDS VERSE VEHICLE FOR MORE DROLLERY

(Continued from Page One.)

thereby winning their good will. Jimmie has apparently inherited some of his ancestors' tact, as well as their genius for blazing the way, for he has recently been trying his hand at writing poetry — "verse" he modestly calls it—not the Milton or Browning kind, but just the humorous kind that common folks understand and enjoy. Mrs. Swinnerton says that some of his rhymes didn't rhyme at first, and that some of the verses limped. One day he tried to rhyme "ought to" with "water," and caused a great deal of merriment at his expense, but when he showed a contract with "Good Housekeeping" for his stanzas about "The Kiddies of the Canyon Country," illustrated by his colorful drawings, the laugh was the other way. Here are some of the stanzas:

This little maid Is not afraid Even with wolves to greet her. She has no charm To ward off harm But still the wolves won't eat her.

They could if they could They could if they would She's risking a sudden decrease; Not that she's tough— She just isn't enough To give them a bite apiece.

One of the pictures represents a little Hopi dreamily gazing at a gorgeous sunset, with the mesas in the distance, to which the poet appended the following:

Why is way-way yonder and ever so far along? Why is the sun a-setting?—why is the night bird's song? Why should the sky be orange then turn to darkest blue? I'm afraid it means my bedtime—what does it mean to you?

Another picture represents little Te-Ho-Te being taken to bed, in a sad state of mind: "I don't think it's right," said little Te-Ho-Te, "That I'm put to bed when dark comes

along, And that foolish and noisy little coy-o-te Can cut up an' ki-yi all the night long."

One of the most humorous poems shows "1 Little, 2 Little, 3 Little Indians," and without the cartoons one must imagine the action. Here are the stanzas:

Of course, the little boy is not afraid When he hears the thunder bang and roll. Oh, no, indeed he's not dismayed; There is no fear in his little soul. But the thought to him has just occurred

That to his home on the mesa's rim He'd best be flying swift as a bird, 'Cause his mother MIGHT BE NEED-ING HIM!

The little dog is doin' what he knows he hadn't oughter; Pesterin' his mistress who's been sent to bring some water. And if the water falls, he'd best go far away Or he'll be very sorry for just about a day.

This lady goat at buttin' was woefully adept. The kids she bumped were sore for days and days. Yet they loved her and agreed she

was sweet and lovely 'cept She was much, oh, much too forward in her ways.

Why does the doggle strain and pant? His tongue hangs out and his feet are draggin'. Will he reach the top? Oh dear, he can't 'Cause his tail's behind, and that's a waggin'.

Under the title of "I Saw These Things in Hopi Land," the artist had the following quatrain accompanying a humorous and colorful picture: The rattlesnake's rattle is supposed to cause terror But don't form your opinion too soon. This musical rattler would place you in error Because when he rattles he rattles a tune.

Although Swinnerton always has more than enough to do at his Stanford university studio he has time to make friends with the students at the great institution, although he seldom "talks shop" with them. He also numbers among his acquaintances the most distinguished artists and literary men of the country. He is interested in helping young people who are doing literary work to make good, and stated that college graduates sometimes "get over" the fact that they are alumni of such-and-such a university. It sometimes takes a graduate of a school of journalism eight months to overcome the pedantic style that he may have acquired there. Jack London, who was his close friend, had to give up college on account of lack of funds, and Swinnerton thinks that it may have been best that circumstances forced the great novelist to quit school and get a style of his own.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Swinnerton, R. Dirks and George Herriman left for Kayenta on Sunday, where they all will do literary and art work. Miss Mary Elizabeth Swinnerton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Swinnerton, did not accompany her parents on this trip, but is now in California, where she attends the Castilleja school.

Mr. and Maynard Dixon arrived in Flagstaff on Sunday and left for Kayenta Monday morning. They will spend their vacation with the Swinnertons. Dixon is one of the best-known artists in the country. W. H. Conley and Earl Sisk took the party to Kayenta.

BOOKKEEPING

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